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# THE MIDNIGHT RIDE.



OWEN BLANEY COLE.



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# THE MIDNIGHT RIDE,

AN IRISH LEGEND DRAMATISED,

WITH CHRISTMAS & NEW-YEAR CAROLS,

& c.

BY

OWEN BLAYNEY COLE.

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Post equitem sedet atra cura.

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## PROLOGUE TO THE MIDNIGHT RIDE.

---

IN this little drama I have, as in several previous compositions, mostly in the ballad form, endeavoured to perpetuate in verse local or family legends, grains gleaned from the parental acres, deeming the sheaves containing such better worth my threshing out than those of foreign growth; though, failing the former, the latter are not by any means to be rejected. For the legend here dramatised I am indebted to the late Rev. Alexander Ross, Rector of Banagher, in the county of Londonderry, Ireland, whose guest I was so long ago as the year 1831, when of a summer day I would direct my steps up the glen of the waterfall, where was a thorn garlanded with the offerings of votaries, suggesting by anticipation (for the picture was not yet painted) Sir Frederick Burton's *chef d'œuvre*, "The Blind Girl at the Holy Well." It is scarcely necessary to say that Dungiven Castle, the ruins of which [then partially existed, is greatly magnified as to its importance in the scenic poem.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

CAREW, SIR GEORGE, The Lord of the Castle.

BERESFORD, Brother of Lady Carew.

KNOX, Chaplain of the Castle.

CAMPBELL, A young Scottish Chieftain.

OGILBY, Seneschal of the Castle.

DONALD, The Warder.

MACARTHY, A Celtic Chieftain.

LADY CAREW.

ROSA, Her Daughter.

CANARA, Sister of Macarthy.

MORLACA, A Sennachie, or Prophetess.

Time—morning, noon, afternoon, evening, and midnight of the same day.

Era—about the year 1599.



## The Midnight Ride.

### SCENE I.

*(The bell-tower of Dungiven Castle, Londonderry, Ireland. Early morning.)*

OGILBY.

WHILE clambering these steps the thought arose,  
Whereabouts now the lady whom we saw  
Departing on her hazardous emprise  
Some two months since ; should she be fortunate,  
As 'tis my prayer she may, 'tis nearly time  
That thy long silent bell her welcome sound,  
Winner of the brave race for house and lands.

DONALD.

But for thy presence here as visitant  
My watch-tower would be as a dungeon, worse ;  
For they who are imprison'd take no thought  
Save for themselves, regardless of the world  
Without, from responsibility exempt ;  
Whilst I, with none to aid me, must defend  
This castle from the accident of fire  
Or greater danger that awaits us oft  
From the retainers of Macarthy, men  
Cruel as wild cats, sighted in the dark  
To catch a mouse ; but we can bell the cat,  
Else would it matter little whether won  
Or lost the wager, from conspiracies  
Safe neither way.

OGILBY.

Aye, luckless are the odds :  
For even should her Ladyship attain



To Essex, the Lord Deputy, her request  
 Free to refuse, even should she find her way  
 Thither on palfrey, might not her first gains  
 Result in loss? himself incapable  
 Of any base malevolent design,  
 Might not some caitiff of Macarthy's clan  
 Without recourse to open violence  
 Confront the traveller at Pellipar \*  
 So that she be belated?—a month since  
 She had been here but for an accident.  
 'Tis now St. Lammas Eve, if she should fail  
 Ere midnight at the castle gate to knock  
 The wager will be lost.

DONALD.

True, 'tis the latest date ;  
 But may she not, exempt from accident,  
 By such impediment have been delay'd,  
 As most besets the great, the law's constraint ?  
 Under the highest many the degrees,  
 Each an impediment ; yet win she must.  
 Is not our Lady gifted with the wand,  
 The snow-white wand that in her hand she bears †  
 The knotted whip instead? Was e'er such show  
 As when our Lady on her palfrey black  
 Quitted the court-yard, to the iron hoofs  
 Resounding, sweeter music than of bells ?  
 Clad in her purple riding robe enlac'd  
 With gold, on her fair shoulders a snake chain,  
 And on her head a plum'd coronal  
 Starr'd with an emerald, she looked the form  
 Of victory. Let men in England prate  
 Of their Godiva and her Peeping Tom,  
 The Lady of Dungiven be my toast.

\* Pellipar, near Dungiven, now a country seat.

† As in Moore's Irish melody, "Rich and rare," &c.

OGILBY.

And mine, meriting most our feälty ;  
 Veil'd our first mother when from Paradise  
 Departing, and she went afoot, unlike  
 Our lady, of the saddle capable.  
 Nor heeding to be hidden from the view ;  
 Of dignified demeanour, in her pride  
 Is no presumption, though not Scottish born.  
 Like some of us whose parentage lies north \*  
 Nearest the head, not distant from the heart,  
 Is our good lady.

DONALD.

By her energy  
 Making amends for her lord's quietude,  
 Who soldier though he be would stay at home  
 Rather than ride save with the cavalry  
 As their commander ; Rosa after him  
 Takes more than after her, beauty except ;  
 To the Macarthy wed, heal'd were the feud  
 Betwixt the families, such headlong race  
 Again preventing.

OGILBY.

Not so—the gage lost  
 Not thus would she regain her heritage ;  
 Her heart belongs to Campbell, trust my word  
 'Tis Campbell not Macarthy wins the Rose.  
 But now must I betake me up Glenshane  
 Thither as her attendant bid—Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

\* The Scotch settlement in Derry is here anticipated, it was not until the following reign that Derry became Londonderry.

## SCENE II.

(*The Glen of the Serpent among the mountains of the Slieve Gallion range, near Banagher. Time—noon.*)

ROSA.

'Twas at thy summons, Morlaca, I came,  
 Hoping thy promis'd aid in hour of need,  
 Trustful yet hesitating, threading the glen  
 Precipitously gloomy, but for growth  
 Of various foliage that o'ercanopies  
 The stream ; tended by Ogilby, who yon  
 Awaits conclusion of our conference.  
 Hither I come, a maiden half forlorn,  
 Thee visiting in thy sequester'd cell  
 Saintly enshrin'd : yet dost thou seem akin  
 To the mysterious being that, 'tis said,  
 Haunts, prison'd here, the watery element,  
 Pent in the grotto of the cataract,  
 The reservoir by crevices supplied  
 From the tremendous precipice : how mute  
 The pool, how loud the torrent, contrast strange  
 Of calm and tempest, peace and strife ! This thorn  
 With ribbons garlanded that simulate  
 The aureola of Iris smiling yon ;  
 This stunted thorn wet from the cataract  
 Attests the healing virtues of the well,  
 Just tribute to the snake medicinal  
 That cures infirmities of sight,—many  
 The votaries : but not to lave mine eyes.  
 My outward orbs, that shrink not from the ray,  
 Come I to thee, 'twas by thy promise led  
 To read the mirror of the waterfall,  
 The glassy book oracular. I come  
 Trusting mid the delineated forms  
 Therein descried, to thee intelligible,  
 Expert in auguries, I may some tidings  
 Hear of my mother.

## MORLACA.

Who should now return,  
 Having been absent the allotted term.  
 Such tidings as are mine to give be thine.  
 But ere we vex the mirror, on this couch  
 Of moss reclining 'neath o'ershadowing boughs,  
 List of the Saint and Serpent while I tell,  
 That thou may'st not depart in ignorance  
 Of that which coming hither thou shouldst know.  
 —Long ages since when holy Patrick preached  
 The wrong requiting by the serpent done  
 To our first parents, this glen, far remote  
 From the apostle, was inhabited  
 By a huge snake, voluminous with scales  
 That glitt'ring as he glided in the sun  
 Showed like a burning city, being dangerous  
 When from the hills the hoarded icicles  
 Dissolved in floods inundulating the vale  
 And plains beyond ; with men and cattle thus  
 His maw he fed, by his tempestuous tail  
 The crops destroying and their tenements.  
 With anguish'd tears the desolated folk  
 Besought O'Heeney,\* saint to Patrick dear,  
 Who dwelt at Banagher, with gifts and prayers,  
 To interpose in their extremity.  
 Not deaf to their petition, with his staff,  
 Gift of St. Patrick, fatal to the toad  
 And reptiles all of species venomous,  
 The serpent was arrested, and in rings  
 Concentric revolving, settled down  
 In small circumference of this crystal font  
 Bright with the molten silver of his scales,  
 And with his quicken'd soul intelligent,  
 Restoring sight, and to the dubious mind  
 Giving to fathom the invisible,

\* St. O'Heeney, otherwise St. Owen. Banagher, a village near Dungiven, not the Banagher on the Shannon.

Deep sounding as the serpent of the sea  
 Whereof 'twas spawn'd : hence is it that this pool  
 Is fraught with blessings like that sacred sign,  
 The Brazen Serpent of the wilderness,  
 Or Siloam's basin by an angel stirr'd.  
 But coupled with the metamorphosis  
 Was this strange covenant, whether by saint  
 Ordain'd or serpent mystery remains ;  
 Though for the sphinx more suitable than saint,  
 Being enigmatic :—'twas this : After years  
 A thousand the first lady in the land  
 Nearest to where the miracle was wrought  
 Should ride a thousand miles betwixt the Feast  
 Of Pentecost and Lammas, and that blood  
 Should stain her palfrey's fetlocks : 'tis now time  
 For the fulfilment of the oracle ;  
 And for thy better knowledge list the rune ;

After a thousand years have pass'd  
 Since the serpent's scales were cast,  
 The lady of the land must ride  
 'Twixt Pentecost and Lammas tide  
 A thousand miles—for years a mile  
 Islands twain to reconcile,  
 And her horse's hoofs be red  
 With the blood at midnight shed.  
 At fulfilment of the gage  
 Lost and won a heritage.

ROSA.

So marvellous a legend ne'er was said  
 Or sung in prose or verse : this canticle  
 Quaint though it be disquiets me yet more  
 Breathing of bloodshed : terrify me not  
 With such presentiments ; to thee  
 Come I for consolation, not alarm.  
 Yet of the serpent would I make a friend,

Clasping him to my bosom, by the coils  
 Acquiring knowledge, not of evil but good,  
 So might I of my mother's safety learn.

MORLACA.

Was e'er such duteous daughter ! safe arriv'd,  
 Thy mother having ridden a thousand miles  
 Alone or aided, will the prize resign  
 To Rosa and her lover :—chide me not—  
 Hush, 'tis the auspicious moment ; the warm sun  
 Has to the centre climb'd of the blue vault—  
 But not for thee to gaze into the pool ;  
 Too delicate thy limbs for the rough floor  
 Framing the lucid mirror, and thy sight  
 Untaught to read the mystic characters  
 By the initiate scarcely legible,  
 Might suffer injury requiring cure,  
 Whereto prevention is preferable.  
 Myself alone descending to the marge  
 On bended knees will question the abyss.  
 Follow not thou, await me by the thorn.

*(Morlaca retires to the pool, from whence after an interval she returns.)*

ROSA.

What hast thou witness'd ? Is my mother safe,  
 And has she prosper'd in her enterprise ?

MORLACA.

Not yet has Lady Carew reached the gate  
 Of Purgatory, region in thy creed  
 Unmapt, she lives, nor is her scarlet coat  
 With travel stain'd or changeful atmosphere.  
 Already has she passed the battlements  
 Of Derry, and before to-morrow morn  
 Will have embrac'd thee, accident except.

ROSA.

And is my mother veil'd from evil eye  
Of jealousy which all unknown to thee  
Is said to tempt thy kindred?

MORLACA.

In yon well  
Shrin'd Truth, nor may I cheat the oracle  
Concealing half; truth in her nakedness  
Most beautiful scant drapery requires  
Disparaging—thy mother though secure,  
Behind her rides a noble cavalier  
From whom she would continually escape  
As from the darkness.

ROSA.

Yet more would I learn.  
Is the pursuer of thy race or mine,  
Celtic or Saxon?

MORLACA.

By his sword and mantle,  
Tann'd boots voluminous, and haughty mien,  
He might be deem'd a Spanish cavalier.  
Yet of Milesians have I known the like.

*(Ogilby now stepping forward conducts Rosa homewards through  
the glen.)*



## SCENE III.

*(The castle-hall—afternoon of the same day.)*

BERESFORD.

STRANGE tidings these, Sir George, which from Coleraine  
Arriv'd in haste I bring ; in the offing yon  
Rides a galleon which by her lofty stern,  
Gilded and carv'd, may be another bird  
Of the Armada's feather ; feigning trade,  
'Tis stow'd, they say, with wine of Xeres rare,  
Her freight rank treason, contraband of war,  
Both crew and captain with the Spaniard leagued,  
Ocampo the confederate of O'Niel.\*

CAREW.

Dangerous news, but my intelligence  
Surpasses thine ; Earl Essex has resign'd,  
And in his stead reigns Mountjoy, now Vice-King.  
Nay, interrupt me not, more is there yet to tell.  
Never before was such a desperate race  
As that by Devereux run ; soon as the Earl  
Had certain intimation from the Queen  
Of her displeasure, how that by his fault  
Ocampo with the rebels had combin'd,  
O'Neil abetting, reinforcements spite  
From England sent at her own regal cost.  
Soon as these complaints to Essex were conveyed,  
Her anger to avert, and in her grace  
Himself to reinstate, hot-foot he went  
O'er stormy waves and unexpected roads  
Arriving at the presence, resolute  
Himself to exculpate, before the queen  
Prostrate he knelt ; with haggard countenance,  
Unkempt his love-locks, negligent his dress,

\* Here again a paranomasia ; Ocampo's sphere of action was in the south of Ireland, where embarking at Kinsale he was taken prisoner by Mountjoy, and obliged to quit the kingdom.

How chang'd from him, the gallant Devereux  
 To Leicester scarce inferior in renown  
 (Himself once fain to bend the suppliant knee,  
 Unbid returning from the Netherlands,  
 Where he miscarried, e'en as Essex here).  
 'Twas thus beholding Devereux at her feet,  
 The royal breast to pity was inclin'd.  
 This the result : the queen by him surpris'd  
 In her dishevell'd charms—the rumour such,  
 Her frown relaxing, after conference held  
 With Burghley and Sir Francis Walsingham,  
 Acquitted Devereux of deliberate wrong,  
 And sends us Mountjoy as his substitute.

## KNOX.

Being chaplain of the castle, mundane things  
 Not much concern me ; more my thoughts incline  
 Towards her who doth exemplify the text,  
 Though in a race run all, one wins the prize.\*  
 But not of Isthmian or Olympic dust  
 Speaks holy Paul, save as by allegory ;  
 'Tis of the heavenly race, whereto compar'd  
 All else is retrograde—yet do my prayers  
 Follow our Lady dear, steadfast in faith,  
 Who forth hath ventur'd in a righteous cause.  
 Of her have tidings come ?

## CAREW.

No news as yet  
 Save from the solar herald, whose red rays  
 Predict a bright to-morrow when the bars  
 That would prevent the rising shall be broken.  
 To-night the moon is in her plenitude,  
 Smiling upon a hopeful enterprise  
 Plann'd by a lady vindicating rights

\* 1 Cor. ix. 24.

Peculiar to her sex : three ways, methinks,  
 There be of doing things ; by head or heart,  
 Or dexterous hand auxiliary to both.  
 'The three combin'd are best.

KNOX.

Perplexities

Must oft by contradictories be met.  
 To many shifting winds the mariner  
 Shapes his adventurous course ; wanting the voice  
 That stilled the waters of Gennesaret.

CAMPBELL.

With thee, Sir George, the strong hand gauntleted  
 Holds foremost place, controlling head and heart ;  
 Be mine the heart, though for the iron hand  
 Need is there, doubtless, on occasion fit.

CAREW.

Not much amiss thou speakest, my young friend,  
 E'en as becomes thy quality and race,  
 That like the thistle of thy native hills  
 None may encounter with impunity.  
 Symbol not here quite inappropriate—  
 This castle mine more by inheritance  
 Than by alliance with the Beresfords  
 Has not been held without exchange of blows  
 Ourselves betwixt and naturals of the soil,  
 Whose antiquated title to excel  
 Must be obtain'd a charter from the queen  
 Or representing her, the deputy,  
 Which to secure remonstrances despite  
 My Lady hath set forth ambassador.

KNOX.

Prudence may over violence prevail.  
 Be wise as serpents, harmless as the dove,

Saith Scripture, and from Flaccus we may learn  
 How force devoid of counsel harms itself,\*  
 Precipitated by its senseless weight  
 To the abyss, by our antagonists  
 Better exemplified than by ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*(A ruinous church on the sandy shore of the stream flowing from the Glen of the Serpent, and not far from the castle.)*

CANARA.

UNHEEDING consequences hither have I come  
 To this dismantled church founded erewhile  
 By St. O'Heeney when by miracle  
 He quelled the snake yonder umbrageous glen  
 Frequenting, so tradition saith : not this  
 Our first encounter here, but 'tis the last,  
 For us no future.

CAMPBELL.

The future who can tell,  
 Save those the orbits of the sleepless stars  
 Who calculate :—the present time is proof  
 Both to the past and future ; by its use  
 The past may be aton'd, the future blest.  
 But why this boding tone ? Why should we part  
 Never to meet again ?

CANARA.

Our paths diverge—  
 Thine is with flowers enamell'd, thorny mine.

\* *Vis consilii expers mole ruit sua*.—HOR. III. iv. 66.

Another loves thee, Archibald—one born  
 To make thee happy, not unfortunate  
 As were thy lot united unto him  
 Whose parentage is a rebuke to thine—  
 Saxon usurpers of our heritage ;  
 Of whom art thou though guiltless of offence  
 Intentional ; this the stern lesson taught  
 By those to whom our tutelage belongs,  
 E'en from the altar preached by holy priests  
 Who blessing us curse those without the Church.

CAMPBELL.

But what if, Canara, I could disprove  
 Their doctrine, what an' I could demonstrate  
 By history, than legendary lore  
 Less dubious, that our Caledonian clans  
 And the Hibernian are of kindred stock,  
 Both branches of the apostolic vine  
 By the Culdees transplanted from the East.  
 Scots both !—if this to thee I can make plain,  
 Would'st thou not stoop, hoping to reconcile  
 The threads by discord sever'd ? List to me  
 Preceptor of a pupil yet untaught  
 Save how to wound by beautiful disdain.  
 Turn not away those glances that most charm  
 When scornful. List, a thousand years ago  
 In the sixth century :—nay, hear me out.  
 The time is pass'd and can no more offend—  
 A thousand years ago, in the sixth century  
 Reigned Cabra Ruada, surnam'd the Red,  
 Grandson of Con, hero of hundred fights.  
 Thron'd in the northern province of this isle  
 Amid the wooded hills of Donegal ;  
 His aid to supplicate came fugitives  
 From Caledon, ambassadors elect  
 Of the despairing monarch of the Picts  
 By Scandinavian Vikings overpower'd.

The Caledonian prince to reinstate  
 Sailed the three sons of Ruada renown'd—  
 Again that scornful smile : nay, hear me out,  
 Dalriads were they and Christians ; by their aid  
 From Norsemen freed was Albany, so call'd,  
 Whom to requite for their heroic deeds  
 On each of the three Dalriads was bestow'd  
 A Caledonian spouse with regal dower,  
 So that the Caledonians Scots became.  
 From whom derive the Campbells of the clan  
 Diarmid, known as children of the Mist.  
 Thus, Canara, have I prov'd we are akin  
 And owe each other love.

## CANARA.

Such love, indeed,  
 As sister owes to brother, owe I to thee.  
 Be thou as brother ! more endearing ties  
 If such there are, which well may be denied,  
 To me are interdicted as to thee ;  
 Of the church catholic am I, by thine  
 Calumniated as of Babylon.  
 Hast thou not heard such heresy from Knox,  
 The castle chaplain, who shall thee unite  
 With Rosa, thine already, if my heart  
 Reads hers aright : in conquering her hand  
 Me hast thou for auxiliary, convinc'd  
 That by such wedlock all may yet end well.  
 Thus fondly would I compensate the love,  
 The words of love that ne'er may be renew'd  
 Twixt thee and me ; far better for us both  
 They never had been spoken :—part we now  
 No more to meet.

## CAMPBELL.

Oh, say not so, or yet  
 If part we must, resume thy haughty mien,

Nor break my heart by insincerity.  
 Why should we part? hush, we are not alone.  
 Seest thou yon kerle, who with malignant scowl  
 Controls our movements? Is he of thy house  
 Or an invidious spy? 'Twas only now  
 His dangerous swarthy features caught my sight.  
 Him had I known observant, my discourse  
 Had been less audible, but thee my words  
 Could never harm.

## CANARA.

'Tis Fergus, gallowglass,  
 The henchman of Macarthy who awaits  
 To be my escort homewards: fear him not  
 Even had he heard thee, in the Saxon speech  
 Wholly unlearn'd he could not comprehend.  
 Since the departure of my brother, absent still  
 I scarce know why unless it be to quench  
 The hopeless passion smould'ring in his breast,  
 By the Confessor deem'd heretical,  
 By me calamitous; e'er since he went  
 Fergus has been my squire importunate,  
 Now beckoning me impatient of delay.  
 Yet ere we part, if parting cost thee pain,  
 To my poor presence if inclin'd:—to-night  
 Know that by Rosa to the castle bid  
 Again we meet.

## CAMPBELL.

Merciful words—  
 Let come what will, a tutelary star,  
 Thou never canst be distant from my sight.

[*Exeunt.*



## SCENE V.

*(Midnight and moonlight. The castle bell announces the approach of Lady Carew. Fergus, the gallowglass, concealed in the shadow of the archway stabs Macarthy, mistaking him for Lady Carew.)*

CANARA.

MY BROTHER, oh, my brother, lift thy head,  
 Speak to me ere the torrent of thy blood  
 Have borne me with thee to the silent tomb.

MACARTHY.

Dying the wager I have won—to Rosa  
 My love till now unspoken I bequeath.  
*(He dies.)*

KNOX.

His days are ended, his life's youthful race  
 Completed ere arriving at the goal  
 Where should have been renewal of his might!  
 Now may the castle tocsin be attun'd  
 To dying knell.

BERESFORD.

Where is the homicide?  
 The doer of this felon deed, where is he?  
 And what his motive? he cannot be of ours.

OGILBY.

'Tis Fergus, gallowglass of him he slew,  
 Who would have slain another, even her  
 The Lady of the castle deem'd the bar,  
 So he imagined in his ignorance,  
 Most villainous, to his chieftain's rights.  
 First in the race Macarthy by the arch  
 O'ershadow'd met th' assassin's vengeful pike

Falling as at the sacrificial shrine  
 Instead of her sav'd by angelic hand.  
 Thus may the passage be interpreted,  
 The caitiff who would doom anticipate  
 Fast have we bound, no language hath the wretch  
 To us intelligible, but in his looks  
 Is that which dungeon dark doth best beseem.

*(The scene here changes from the court-yard to the great hall of the castle.)*

LADY CAREW.

Silent save for my anguish, even now  
 Scarce am I able to find utterance,  
 My joy is chang'd to grief, knowing too late  
 By whom accompanied I would escape,  
 Fearful to cast an anxious look behind,  
 Lest Orpheus-like failing of my emprise  
 My purpose should in disappointment end.  
 Alas for him my rash competitor  
 Who me o'ertaking even at the goal,  
 Dying hath turn'd my triumph to defeat,  
 Penalty paying that would have been mine,  
 But for Macarthy whose disastrous love  
 Hath oft disquieted me. Where is Rosa?

CAREW.

Gone with Canara,  
 Sister to slain Macarthy; gone with her  
 To help her weep.

BERESFORD.

No better comforter.  
 Honour and votive tears are tribute due  
 To the Macarthy. But now that thou art safe,  
 My sister, and again in thy own home,  
 Forgetting for awhile this ghastly deed,

Wilt of thy wondrous quest give the result ;  
Hast thou achiev'd thy purpose ?

LADY CAREW.

Yea and No !

'This parchment scroll sign'd by Elizabeth  
And pictur'd with her royal frontispiece,  
This grant of lands in perpetuity \*  
Reads now as a death warrant.

BERESFORD.

By the queen

If sign'd, seal'd, and deliver'd, treason 'twere  
The document to question, and the death  
Of the competitor, no longer such,  
Doth more enhance the price—a soldier speaks—  
Nor yet uncharitably, had he speech  
Whose lips are clos'd for ever, his discourse  
Would doubtless show that to defend the cause  
Of womanhood he trod the path believ'd  
Most chivalrous.

CAREW.

This blood hath countervail'd  
The tidings of Ocampo's overthrow ;  
The wily Spaniard counting on the aid  
Of Hugh O'Neil, Tyrone's rebellious Earl,  
Whose force was intercepted by Mountjoy  
Now captive taken, must depart the coast,  
His ransom paid. How had we all rejoic'd  
At this success of the Lord Deputy,  
But for mischance of this eventful night.

*(Re-enter Canara with Rosa.)*

\* Royal grants of land in Ireland formerly bore the portrait of the reigning sovereign. I have seen such among my own family parchments and else where.—O.B.C.

## CAMPBELL.

Sad meeting this, too strangely terrible—  
 Scarce dare I now approach thee, Canara,  
 Yet would I comfort speak : is there no balm,  
 No sweet alleviation in the thought  
 That he is honour'd as thyself belov'd,  
 That with thee dwells the sympathies of all !

## CANARA.

If balm there be alleviating pain,  
 'Tis in the consciousness that by the fate  
 Of him the object more of fear than love,  
 The bar is broken parting thee and thee,  
 Rosa from Archibald, betrothed by death  
 Of him the winner of the heavenly race.

*( Canara joins the hands of Rosa and Campbell in the presence of  
 the other persons of the drama. )*

[CURTAIN.]

\* \* \* "After all my researches I cannot authenticate the history of one of our finest specimens of architecture, that of the old church of Banagher. Built of cut freestone in a good and even elegant style ; some modern characters engraven on the west door date its foundation A.D. 477, which needs other evidence. Beside the church stands the monastery, the only remaining one in the country—it is entire except the roof."—SAMFSON'S LONDONDERRY.

## Christmas Carols.

### I.

THE lark that to the sunny skies  
 Uplifts its rapid wing,  
 Cuckoo that to itself replies  
 When welcoming the spring ;  
 Nor other bird the woods among  
 Of Philomel can match the song.

The Day with its external glare,  
 Its vanities and shows,  
 Can never with the Night compare,  
 That more brings than repose,  
 Peopling the palaces of gloom  
 With forms of visionary bloom.

Far sweeter than of Philomel,  
 Melodious refrain  
 Was by shepherds heard of Israel  
 A new nocturnal strain ;  
 By them were beauteous forms beheld  
 Poetic visions that excelled.

Of what those shepherds saw and heard  
 In land of Palestine  
 We come to tell, unto our word,  
 Good people, all incline ;  
 Though chill the air the strain hath charm  
 Of hoary age the heart to warm.

Beneath the shelter of a rock  
 Reclin'd the shepherds lay,  
 No other thought except their flock  
 To guard from wolves had they,  
 Unless, perchance, in Scripture taught,  
 Of Him that was to come they thought.

Yet scarce did those poor peasants deem  
 That they of low degree  
 Should be included in the scheme,  
 'That theirs the first to see  
 The child who should the curse retrieve,  
 The wrong requiting done to Eve.

To them reclining on the grass  
 An angel bright appeared,  
 Not knowing how it came to pass  
 Of him were they afraid,  
 Until the silence thus he broke—  
 Was ne'er such voice as his who spoke !

“Fear not,” the angel said to them,  
 “To you this happy morn,  
 In David's city, Bethlehem,  
 The Prince of Peace is born ;  
 And this to you shall be for sign,  
 A manger doth the babe enshrine.

“Good tidings of great joy I bring  
 To you and all the world.”  
 E'en as he said their radiant wing  
 The seraphim unfurled ;  
 And ere to heaven they reäscend  
 Their voices thus in chorus blend

"Glory be to God above,  
 Enthron'd o'er highest height ;  
 To men who dwell on earth be Love,  
 Wherein He doth delight."  
 This carol heard from year to year  
 Again we sing your hearts to cheer.

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## II.

Two Books there be, two wondrous books—  
 The sacred, the profane ;  
 And none prevailed in former time  
 To reconcile the twain,  
 Until from heaven an angel came  
 The joyful tidings to proclaim.

How war the Titans waged with Jove  
 The cyclic poets told ;  
 How Danai and Dardans fought,  
 By Homer was enroll'd,  
 Ended Virgilian epic lay  
 At dawning of the gospel day.

'Twas now that in Judæan mead,  
 Where shepherds watched their fleece,  
 To them glad tidings were reveal'd  
 Of universal peace ;  
 To them was open'd wide a page  
 At distance view'd by Syrian Mage.



The Book of the Evangelist,  
 Which Sinai's doth excel,  
 Reflected may we now behold  
 In glass of Raphaël.  
 More precious than a diadem  
 The Book that tells of Bethlehem.\*

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### For the New Year.

#### I.

Of thy progenitors, New Year,  
 Full many have we known,  
 Now dubious whether with a cheer  
 To greet thee or a groan,  
 The latter the alternative,  
 Unless thy parent we forgive.

Forgive we may, but scarce forget  
 The disappointments dire,  
 The various causes of regret  
 Bequeath'd us by thy sire ;  
 The brave Crusaders slain, whose fame  
 Serves only to augment our blame.

The heroes at the water brinks  
 Eager their thirst to assuage,  
 Tempted by the Egyptian sphinx  
 To treacherous Mirage ;  
 Such ills who strove not to prevent  
 Merits not praise but punishment.

\* In allusion to Raphael's "Madonna degl' Ansidei" purchased for the National Gallery.

Hence is it that we hesitate  
 At the coming to rejoice  
 Of one impos'd on us by fate,  
 Regardless of our choice ;  
 Since unsolicited our vote,  
 Why waste on welcoming a groat !

Thus mused a grey-beard anchorite  
 Awaiting midnight stroke,  
 When suddenly a Phantom bright  
 Appearing thus outspoke :  
 "Why is thy countenance so sad ?  
 Oh, look on me and be thou glad !

"Dost thou lament the brave who shed  
 Their blood in the Soudan,  
 Heroes the scymetars who fed  
 Of the fierce Musselman ?  
 Of him the martyr of Kartoum  
 Would'st thou avenge the cruel doom ?

"Know that their names are now enroll'd  
 'Mongst those escap'd the strife,  
 Who quaff from cup of beaten gold  
 Beneath the Tree of Life  
 The water of that crystal well  
 Surpassing Eden's Hiddekel.

"For all things is a time confest,  
 'Vails not the past to chide ;  
 Look forwards, ever hope the best,  
 In Providence confide ;  
 So shalt thou welcome with good cheer  
 As heretofore the coming year."

Thus saying, a pictorial shower  
 Scatt'ring, the Phantom went,  
 E'en as the bells from the church tower  
 Announced the new event,  
 Replacing him aboard on Styx,  
 Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-Six.

## II.

A RUGGED nurse hath the New Year,  
 January her name,  
 Yet not averse to social cheer  
 The reputable dame.  
 With quip and crank and merry wile  
 Expert the infant to beguile.

Not long will she retain her place,  
 No sooner born than bred,  
 This gouvernante the youth will chase,  
 Impatient to be wed ;  
 Of Spring enamour'd to her bower,  
 He hastes at blossoming of flower.

Expiring in his loving arms,  
 Brief space hath he for tears,  
 Comes Summer with her riper charms  
 And passion that endears,  
 Quick'ning the pulses of his heart,  
 Alas, that they should ever part!

Yet such the ordinance of fate,  
 Widow'd again he woos,  
 In Autumn finding next a mate  
 Whom he again must lose ;  
 But not before to soothe his grief,  
 Enrich'd is he with cereal sheaf.

So oft in matrimony tried  
 Still doth its ties engage,  
 In Winter now he finds a bride  
 Adapted to his age ;  
 Wedded to her for life and death,  
 To her his heir he will bequeath.

### Winter.

*Der Winter steigt, ein Riesenschwan, hernieder.*

ANASTASIUS GRUN.

WINTER, a giant swan with wings unfurl'd,  
 Descending gradual whitens the wide world,  
 He sings no song, seems it as though his mood  
 'Twere only on the slumb'ring seeds to brood,  
 Till spring that on his breast finding repose,  
 Thence draws the nutriment whereby she grows ;  
 Soon will a thousand flowers their bloom display,  
 A thousand song-birds wake the sweet love lay.

Another Swan there is, the angel Death,  
 Brooding upon the seeds the sod beneath,  
 Silent and solemn far extends his power,  
 None knoweth of his coming day or hour.  
 The grass-green grave, the ossuary blest,  
 Alike he cherishes unto his breast ;  
 The while we watch and pray, until the spring  
 The flowers and fruits of Paradise shall bring.

## An Evening Landscape.

*Goldner schein deckt den Hain.*—MATTHISON.

GOLDEN shine decks the pine,  
In the grove the leafy glimmer  
Grows continually dimmer.

Calm the wave forgets to rave,  
Tow'rds the isle with swan-like motion  
Glides a pinnace from the ocean.

Yellow sand streaks the strand,  
Clouds now white, now red as roses,  
Horizen of the West discloses.

To and fro the rushes throw  
Their arms as 'twere a welcome flinging  
To the wild fowl yonder winging.

On the height the anchorite,  
The ivy-mantled belfry's warden,  
Tends his myrtle-tinted garden.

O'er the stream dies the gleam,  
Already is the vale forsaken,  
By the shadows overtaken.

Silver shine bathes the pine,  
From heroic graves ascending  
Myths are with the moonbeams blending.

### Æenia.

*Auch das Schöne muss sterben, das Menschen und Götte bezwinget!—SCHILLER.*

E'EN the Beautiful must die, Death is the portion of mortals ;  
 Ne'er doth brazen heart melt of the Stygian Jove.  
 Once and once only, by Love beguil'd, he relented ;  
 But, on the threshold recall'd, Orpheus again lost his bride.  
 Strove Aphrodite in vain to save her darling Adonis,  
 Viewing his delicate limbs torn by th' infuriate boar.  
 Thetis, herself divine, failed her godlike son to recover  
 When at the Scæan gate, falling, his doom he fulfilled ;  
 Yet from the flood arising sad with the daughters of Nereus,  
 Greatest of heroes for him sounded funereal dirge.  
 Hence may we learn that the Gods are not unconscious of sorrow,  
 When the excellent die, seen never more on the earth.  
 Thus it becomes us mortals to mourn for the good and heroic,  
 While unto Orcus their home songless th' ignoble descend.

## The Sonnet.

*Zwei Reime heifs' ich viermal kehren wieder.*—A. W. SCHLEGL.

FOUR rhymes within my compass I contain,  
 These rhymes distributed in such a way  
 That one assume of couplets the array,  
 Each interpos'd betwixt an outer twain;  
 Then of the fourfold strophe lest the chain  
 Should exercise too arbitrary sway  
 Over the fancy, checking its free play  
 Changes the cadence to a triple strain.  
 —Him would I ne'er with laurel garland grace,  
 Who thinks to measure by its mere extent  
 My worth, nor knows that deepest mysteries  
 May be conceal'd in liminary space;  
 Symmetrical my form, and I present  
 Truths with advantage of antithesis.

## The Water-Lily and the Swan.

*Die stille Wasserrose steigt aus dem blauen See.*—GEIBEL.

THE gentle Water-Lily that in the lake doth grow,  
Its moist leaves softly quiver, its cup is white as snow,  
The moon when she arises with beams to fill it up,  
The treasures of her radiance will empty in that cup.

A swan towards the Lily is crossing the blue lake,  
The snow-white swan is singing its farewell food to take.  
It sings so sadly, sweetly, in singing 'twill expire,  
Oh, lily, water-lily, didst thou that song inspire !

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## From Afar.

*Diese Rose pfluck' ich hier in der fremden Ferne.*—LENAU.

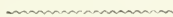
THESE roses that I've gather'd in a foreign garden here  
How gladly would I bring to thee, oh, Lady fair,  
Yet miles many interposing, soon faded were the bloom—  
Love ne'er from love should sever beyond a flower's perfume,  
No farther than the nightingale to chambers of the West  
Can carry mossy filaments to decorate its nest.



## Farewell of the Princes of Powis.

THERE is one Almighty power, one supreme above all thrones,  
 One exalted only Ruler who all earthly kingdoms owns ;  
 By Him kings and princes govern, in His gift is every crown,  
 He it is that lifts up nations from the dust and casts them down.

NOW the crown is leaving Cambria where it has for ages been,  
 But fond liberty smiles on us as the azure sky serene,  
 Though dark clouds around may gather while His blessings crown  
     the land,  
 What can humbled Wales do better than leave all in His hand !



## Merlin's Reply to the Farewell.

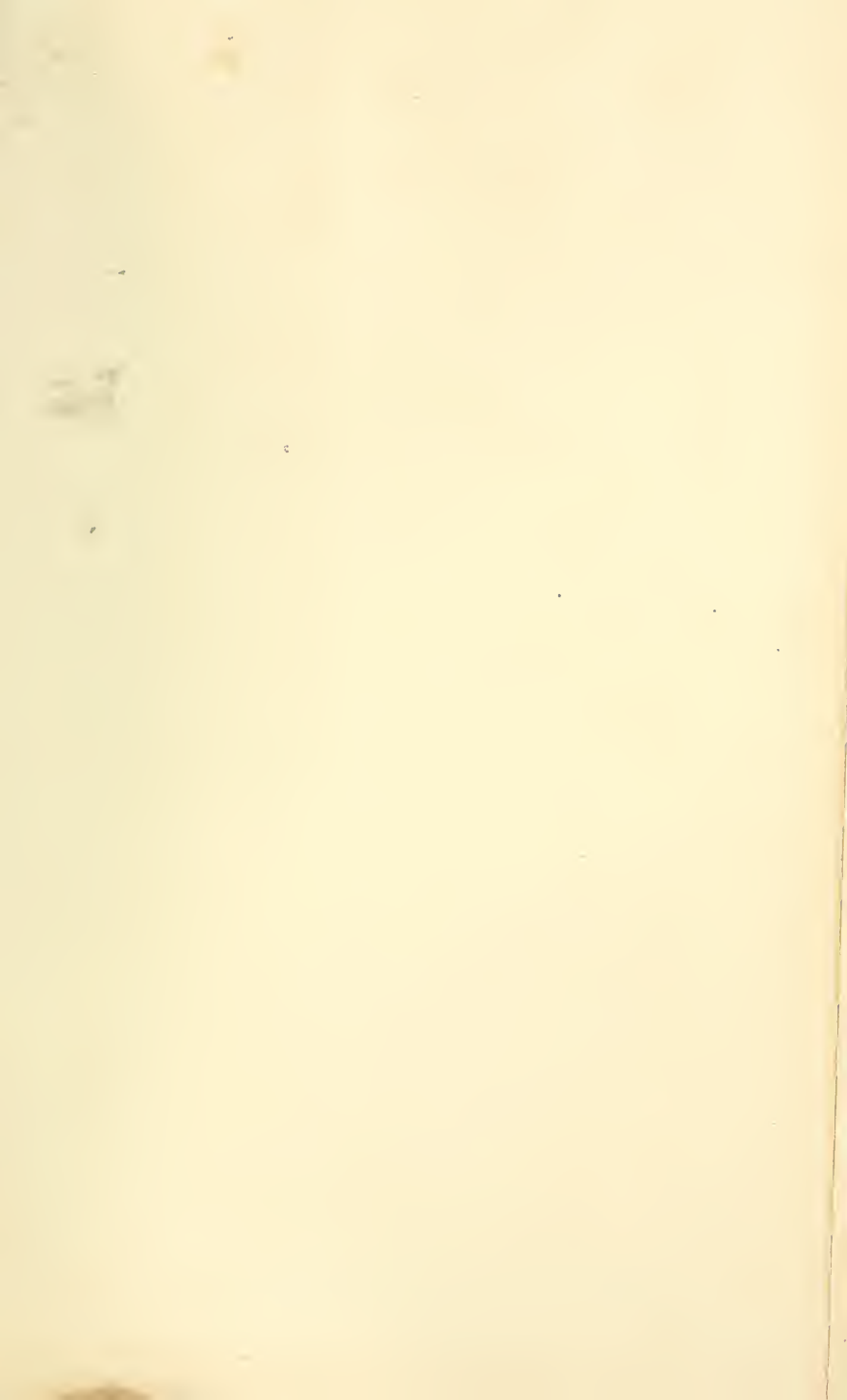
BRAVELY princes have ye spoken while the humble knee was bent,  
 Him confessing who of nations doth the rise and fall prevent ;  
 Though the sun withhold his splendour, ne'er forsaken is the year,  
 Soon the roses and the lilies after winter reappear.

Of Cambria, though the harp be shatter'd, silent ne'er the song of  
     bard,  
 And the heroes slain in battle shall not fail of their reward.  
 From the country of the vanquish'd shall be nam'd proud Albion's  
     heir,  
 And to earth's remotest regions Cambria's prowess shall declare.

## The Mostyn Harp.

THIS silver harp excels th' Homeric shield,  
 Stain'd is the buckler oft with drops of gore ;  
 Few would desire Pelides' brand to wield,  
 Or bend the bow Odysseus twanged of yore.  
 But even now this harp has power to charm  
 As in the glorious days of good Queen Bess,  
 Whose gracious proclamation freed from harm  
 The loyal Bard who should its chords caress.  
 E'en such the lyre that Taliessin woke,  
 Cadwallon, Modred, and pindaric Gray,  
 Whose minstrelsy the cloud of error broke,  
 Concealing Cambria's mountains from the ray.  
 —Long as the Harp of Mostyn shall endure  
 Wild Wales of royal favour is secure.

\* \* \* The silver harp inherited by the Mostyns from their ancestors is the subject of a letter from Queen Elizabeth (dated October 23, 1568—in the 9th year of her reign) sanctioning “in our Marchesses of Wales” its use as against the vagrants naming themselves “Minstrels, Rhythmiers, or Barths.”



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